
Title: A news clipping

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The dying shard of
Felucca bore witness to
the most joyous occasion
of matrimony on this day.
Beset with killing, imps,
chatter, and preemptive
infidelity. The reporter
was asked multiple times

to ensure the public that
this was BY NO
MEANS done for items,
assuring me that such a
claim would be without
reason and completely not
at all true in the least
bit. The bride went on to

reassure me that if this
wedding were an ocean
that the rings would be
as insignificant as a grain
of sand annoyingly stuck
in the eye lid of the
smallest fish. After
alerting her that not all

fish have eye lids she
attempted to stab me
and lept a rail, fleeing
into the night.